He (in good time) must his Leiutenant be,
And I Sir (bleſſe the marke) his Mooreſhips Ancient.
Rod. By heauen I rather would haue bin his hangman.
Iag. But ther's no remedy,
Tis the curſe of ſeruice,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the olde gradation, where each ſecond
Stood heire to the firſt:
Now ſir be iudge your ſelfe,
Whether I, in any iuſt tearme am affin'd
to loue the Moore?
Rod. I would not follow him then,
Iag. O ſir, content you,
I follow him to ſerue my turne vpon him,
We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truely followed, you ſhall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue,
That (doting on his owne obſequious bondage)
Weares out his time much like his maſters Aſſe,
For nought but prouender, and when bee's old caſhierd,
Whip mee ſuch honeſt knaues;
Others there are,
Who trim'd in formes and viſſages of duty,
Keepe yet their hearts, attending on themſelues,
And throwing but ſhewes of ſeruice on their Lords;
Doe well thriue by 'em,
And when they haue lin'd their coates,
Doe themſelues homage,
Thoſe fellowes haue ſome ſoule,
And ſuch a one doe I profeſſe my ſelfe,---for ſir,
It is as ſure as you are *Roderigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but my ſelfe.
Heauen is my iudge, not I,
For loue and duty, but ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The native act, and figure of my heart,
In complement externe, 'tis not long after,

But

But I will weare my heart vpon my ſleeue,
For Dawes to pecke at,
I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full fortune does the thicklip
If he can carry't thus?
Iag. Call vp her father,
Rowſe him, make after him, poyſon his delig
Proclaime him in the ſtreet, incenſe her Kinſ
And tho he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flyes: tho that his ioy be io
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation out,
As it may looſe ſome colour.
Rod. Here's her fathers houſe, Ile call alo
Iag. Doe with like timerous accent, and
As when by night and negligence, the fire
Is ſpied in populous Cities.
Rod. What ho, *Brabantio*, Seignior *Braba*
Iag. Awake, what ho, *Brabantio*,
Theeues, theeues, theeues:
Looke to your houſe, your Daughter, and yo
Theeues, theeues.

Brabantio at a window.

Bra. What is the reaſon of this terrible ſu
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iag. Are your doores lockt?
Bra. Why wherefore aske you this?
Iag Sir you are robd, for ſhame put on you
Your heart is burſt, you haue loſt halfe your ſo
Euen now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe; ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting Citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the Diuell will make a Grandſire of yo
Bra. What, haue you loſt your wits?
Rod. Moſt reuerend Seignior, doe you kno
Bra. Not I, what are you?
Rod. My name is *Roderigo*.